THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

CHARLES DEACON, HERBERT PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

[CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.]

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1585.

Original Poetry.

LINES

In Memory of Miss Anne P., aged 3 years.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A lovely lesson flower cut down!
With fragrant breath hath'twas her Lily's early glory in her eye,
Its morning dew upon her
Thirty-six hours that second
With thankful to account tender,
Forever closed the last leaf of earth's vernal
Three eyes of softest splendor.

Former hid the place of rest,
That wound-such wind a morning,
And rent the lovely lamp heart
With all its delight of blessing,
Yet, lonely mother! mourn them not
As one without a hope is wretched,
The darling form thy memory shrines
Is but a season
And glorified with angel grace,
Safe in the Saviour's bosom,
One of His precious purchased lambs,
Then't find thy tender blossom
The soft black eyes, where loving light
It beams thy memory's vision,
Are the look of grief, and
With brighter rays
Of hope and joy elysian.

Oh, doubt it not! death can not take
The treasure part of loving,—
Gladly the spirit enters freely
Above the cloudless sky,
Where little Anne's happy eyes
Will open from their slumber.

S. P.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER;
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "SHADOWDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AFTER THE STORM.

Oh! ne! Our years do hurry by
Like shadows of a passing cloud.
Bowring.

It was the morning of Garnet Seabright's nineteenth birthday, when a large party assembled at the old estate given her by her adopted father, and she was expecting a visit from her friends and neighbors, and from the tenantry on the estate.

Miss Seabright, first-ordained by General Sigard as the husband of his inheritity, had been appointed trustee of the estate, and guardian of the heiress, during her minority, and the same time.

She had well fulfilled his trust; no Eastern despot had ever established a stricter guard over a young Georgian maid, than did this guardian over the heiress. Not only had he taught her the independence of thought and action, which is now many days fare the child!

The first door of the mountain—and I the free look of the sky—sage! I was nothing to this wild child of sea and land—nothing to the wild flowers that grew in her path—nothing to the birds that sang above her head. She was a child of nature, whom with her confiding nature she loved, she sprung from her lap, threw her arms around his neck, caressed, prayed, sage to him in every child-like manner, and in her impetuous rate, she passionately dashed her head into his face, called him an evil spirit, and from his eyes, and threw herself indignantly down.

Miss Seabright was to receive them, invited her to be seated, and then turned to the other ladies, and gave him an admirable opportunity of observing his self, and watching the effect of the inevitable property of accepting him.

Miss Seabright took hold of her head, saying, gently:

"I wish to show you a picture. Often the pencil of the artist speaks more eloquently than the pen of the author, or the tongue of the preacher." And she led her up before a fine picture, and showed her the face of a child, not only the stamp of his great genius, but the impress of his magnanimous spirit. "Look at this picture well! It represents the parable of the Master of the Vineyard and his laborers. The children of the Lord are the laborers, and the reward of laborers—he had approached last, as the last in the vineyard—was a penny. He had been vexed with age and sorrow; and while he showed the picture to the children, he spoke to them of the heaven of his deserts—his face—corrugated with sin and suffering, is averted and bent to the ground, as the real Child of Sin, the murderer, and shame.' And now—look at the Master's countenance—oh, look! Is that the whole history of the idea! Oh, look at the divine compassion—the redeeming love in that god-like countenance! Could I describe it? Could words describe it! That Divine Revelation! it transfuses the deep fountains of my soul, as the descent of the Angle troubled the waters for healing.'"

Then her voice faltered as the strings of a harp—blessing into silence, and her eyes overflowed with tears.

"You, honey, it's a beautiful picture, and I remember the parable—how he that came in at the eleventh hour received equal with him who had borne the heat and burden of the day. But Lord, honey, it was the eleventh hour with me, ten years ago—it is the twelfth hour now! Say, honey, how much did the picture cost?"

Miss Seabright lifted the headhandful from her face, and looked at the old lady inquiringly.

"I axed you, child, what might it 'ave the price o' this picter?"

Miss Seabright gazed at her with a countenance full of grief and amazement, and made no reply.

"I say, honey, can't you tell how much money you gave for this here picter? I shouldn't wonder now they didn't make you pay less as five dollars? Say, honey, what was the price of it?"

"It was five hundred," answered Garnet, mechanically.

"Five-w-w-w!" cried Miss Joe, suddenly dropping into a chair, deprived of all her breath and strength, and gazing with indescribable astonishment upon the calm, inspired face of Miss Seabright, who had turned again to the painting. At last, partially recovering her voice, she said, "I—I—I believe I must 'a' misunderstood you some much did that one picter cost?"

"It cost years after years of Angels' ministry to the soul of the inspired artist—it cost days and nights of patient labor and study, while angels came and strengthened him," said Miss Seabright, solemnly—her dark eyes beaming with consuming light, and fixed upon the old lady. "I believe she's crazy! I'm you, child, how much money that there picter finish?"

"Five hundred dollars!"

"Five hundred now—Oh, my good her's 'naighty' Garret Seabright, I believe you've come to turn my head! Now, tell me you're joking at once, and don't tease me any more, child, don't!" Don't you think I know better? Five hundred dollars for that dingy, smoky, dried old thing, indeed! Tell me! I reckon I know something about pictures, if I haven't been abroad! Hemph! Why that beautiful drawboard I bought for my room—painted with it beautiful, like a basket of flowers, with peoples all about it, cost me only two dollars, and too much for it, too'—and you pretend to tell me that this here old dingy, smoky thing as I wouldn't put up above my fire-place, cost five hundred dollars! Oh, yahaw! Miss Seabright, don't joke on such serious subjects! Please don't. I know it's only a joke, but it troubles me. What—what did I cost really, now?"

"Five hundred dollars, upon my word!"

"Five hundred dollars for an old picter! Oh, my her' a 'naighty, it's enough to take one's breath away! Five hundred dollars for a picter! Oh! I'm asleep—of course I have got some enough to kick! I am a dreamin'! Oh-h-h-h!" groaned the old lady, really gasping in her seat.

Miss Seabright went to her, took hold of her hand and chafed them with cologne—and then came to her nostrils.

"There—there—there—don't waste the essence, child, don't! Spilling it as free as if it was water! Only tell me—for I do really feel as if I'm confused—have I said it right, or as slight-ware, or am I really awake, and did you really buy an old picter at five hundred dollars?"

"Yes, I really did!"

"Then you have lost your lunacies! You've taken leave of your seventeen senses! You're not the child I have set myself or your money! You ought to be put into a straight-waistcoat, or in a hospital! Least ways you ought to be entrusted to have a guardian of your life—if 'till you come to your senses! I'll go to the court myself and testify—!"

"My dear friend, that would scarcely convict me of insanity, though your complaint might endanger the good reputation of your head and heart. Ask my guardian, Mr. Hardcastle, what he thinks of me!" said Miss Seabright, kindly.

"Ask him! Wan't he with you when you bought it? Didn't he tell actually your act of sane? Why, extravagant people? No! I shan't ask him anything about it! But I tell you, Garnet Seabright, that old as I am, I shall have to be you ruined! penniless! a beggar!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" said Garnet, gravely.

"Mrs. Lucrez Hardcastle!" announced a servant, throwing open the door. Miss Joe retreated by a side door. Miss Seabright made herself before the library table, and Mr. Lionel Hardcastle, his father, and a lawyer.

Miss Seabright arose to receive them, invited them to be seated, and pointed to chairs which they immediately drew to the library table, where she had been sitting.

A half hour was then occupied in the reading and transferring of certain documents, of which the lawyer kindly took charge.

Then the gentlemen got up to take leave. Miss Seabright also arose to dismiss them, but when she saw that Lionel Hardcastle was about to bow the others out with the purpose of remaining behind, she resumed her seat and invited them all to remain and dine. Lionel Hardcastle accepted the invitation, and Garnet, assisted by his father, escorted the old gentleman's infirmities of accepting, to the next evening himself, he broke away with a wilfulness, and left the room. Miss Seabright also followed with the intention of leaving the library, but Lionel Hardcastle intercepted her purpose by leaving the gentlemen and closing the door after them. Miss Seabright returned to the library table, where she stood erect with one hand resting upon the table, and the other hanging down, awaiting their raps into a burning focus in the gaze she dared upon his face. Yet he stood still, and advancing calmly towards her, said, "That attitude and gaze, Miss Seabright, would remind me that you had been a soldier during your term in this house."

Without referring to that circumstance, Mr. Hardcastle, I would only plead excessive weariness of this room, and to be excused for the request I am about to make."

"You do not look in the least fatigued, and you have even more than usual color in your face," said the lawyer to remain and dine with you?"

"And extended the same invitation to your son?" said Miss Seabright, in her same accent but, and excuse me for an hour's repose until dinner time?" she asked, calmly—quietly, but she could see by those dark eyes which blazed and darkened under their heavy lids like a flashing sky of tempest, that she was in a violent and excitable case, violent passion stirred, threatening every instant to break out in destroying fury, and only restrained by the force of her own will, and the power of her own moral sense.

Which it is to be hoped and agreed on her, his look was resolved, his face was taken pale, all the blood in his veins seemed to have concentrated and burning in his eyes, and in the gaze he fixed upon his face. He answered slowly, with a low voice, "Miss Seabright, I shall not be home for you, until you hear me! I will not leave you, until you have heard me! I will not leave you, until you have heard me! Hitherto you have disregarded your benefactor's expressed will and wishes, assumed my rights, usurped my authority, and now—"

"Your term!—no—you prove the language or the department of love!" she asked, in the deep, stern tone of suppressed indignation.

His manner suddenly changed, and from insolent and threatening became submissive and depressing. He dashed his hands suddenly against his forehead, then threw himself at her feet, seized her hands and dropping his head upon them, almost wept, exclaiming, "For me, Garnet! Miss were not the words or acts of love, but of love to frenzy driven!" I foresaw them! Pardon me, pardon me! Garnet, I love you! I adore you! I worship you! but that you have beauty, grace, genius, all these I have seen in other women who am undistracted head! But there is an unique power in your look that draws me to you! there is a fire in your soul and in your eyes that draws me to you as the sun attracts the earth! The Daguilar of the sea you are indeed, with all his radiant rays concentrated in your being, as in the burning glass, your family namesake! Garnet! oh! Garnet, I rave still, and more insanely than before! Garnet! repress, passions, self-possession, and reason to my soul! Give your peerless self to me! Be my salvation! Speak to me! Answer me! Say something, oh! dear Garnet!"

Her lightning anger quick to subside as to flash forth, had died away. As he held her hands, kissing them and almost weeping over them, they were cold as ice, and still as death. Her face, her eyes, her whole form, were fixed and rigid, as if she had been petrified by the fearful power of her own—naught! that you will, unless you marry me—a suspected, proscribed, lassoed, outcast woman!" He rejoined this to overwhelm her! But she turned her large, dark, solemn eyes, solemn now with prophetic inspiration, upon him, and inquired calmly,

"Why?"

"Garnet, girl! You are ambitious, arrogant, resolute! Yet a few words from me will subdue all that, by showing you that you are obliged to marry me. Attend! we made the tour of Europe alone together, putting up at the same hotels, having the same packet, a common table, a common carriage—"

"Well, sir! That is easily understood in itself for it. I am not startled,

"Not when the guardian is a man of thirty-five, and the ward a girl of seventeen—and she a—"

"Both are young and one is beautiful,"

he added, sneeringly—"Often, you know it! we were mistaken for a married pair—"

"And all this tends to leading a single life—to becoming—oh! Miss Seabright, you will not become that monster of nature, a masculine woman—"

"No—sometime and somewhere, in the natural course of events, I shall meet with some noble, aspiring, elevated nature, such as that to which, in dreams, my whole being with all its powers of love and devotion flies out, and by all my hopes of Heaven, I will never give you up—"

"Stop—I will be frank with you, my guardian! for I think that harsh frankness is better than false hopes! I will be frank with you even in the charge of egotism. Listen, then! I shall not always live in these solitudes. I am not fitted for it. I am social, benevolent, energetic, ventureseome! I have wealth, time, freedom, and the world is full of people who are waiting for my own bounds, and for the benefit of others. I intend first to do what good I can here—then I intend to travel! I intend to see, hear, learn, acquaintance and friends!"

"And still all this tends to leading a single life—to becoming—oh! Miss Seabright, you will not become that monster of nature, a masculine woman—"

"No—sometime and somewhere, in the natural course of events, I shall meet with some noble, aspiring, elevated nature, such as that to which, in dreams, my whole being with all its powers of love and devotion flies out, and by all my hopes of Heaven, I will never give you up—"

"Stop—I will be frank with you, my guardian! for I think that harsh frankness is better than false hopes! I will be frank with you even in the charge of egotism. Listen, then! I shall not always live in these solitudes. I am not fitted for it. I am social, benevolent, energetic, ventureseome! I have wealth, time, freedom, and the world is full of people who are waiting for my own bounds, and for the benefit of others. I intend first to do what good I can here—then I intend to travel! I intend to see, hear, learn, acquaintance and friends!"

"And

Miscellaneous.

THE MAN WITH THE WHEELBARROW.

JENNY LIND.

RESUSCITATION OF FROZEN FISH.

Clippings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00	Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

INVASION OF ENGLAND.

SMOKE.

SPEECH OF MR. CASS.

VACCINATION.

A GOLD MEDAL.

New Publications.

THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

Clippings.

Original Letters.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SCANDINAVIA.

OLD ENGLISH SUPERSTITIONS.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

CATTLE MARKETS.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Children of the Isle," and Mrs. Lee Hentz's "Robert; or, Magnolia Vale," we design commencing

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the [illegible]

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

[illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

[illegible]

Foreign News.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, FEB. 16.

[illegible]

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,
CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$5 00 TO $18
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	3 00 " 8

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. jan10-1y

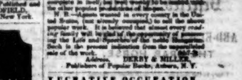
CHARACTERS IN THE GOSPELS.
NOW PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY the Booksellers generally.
"CHARACTERS IN THE GOSPELS—Illustrating phases of character at the present day." By Rev. E. H. Chapin. In 1 vol. 16mo. Price 50 cents.
Subjects.—1. John the Baptist—The Reformer. 2. Herod—The Sensualist. 3. Thomas—The Skeptic. 4. Pilate—The Man of the World. 5. Nicodemus—The seeker after Religion. 6. The Sisters of Bethany.
RECENTLY PUBLISHED.
I. CLOVERNOOK, or Recollections of our home in the West. By Alice Carey. In 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1. Second edition.
II. DREAM LAND BY DAYLIGHT. A Panorama of Romance. By Caroline Chesebro. In 1 vol. [illegible]

DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, Union Place, Pine St., West of Schuylkill 8th, Philadelphia. Mrs. NEWELL and Sister have superior accommodation for pupils at their large and commodious house, No. 4, UNION PLACE. They have an established School, and promise their patrons that their pupils shall be thoroughly taught the various branches of a practical and polite education.
References.—Rt. Rev. A. Potter, D.D., L.L.D., and Rev. J. Parker, D.D., Philadelphia; Hon. W. C. Preston, Columbia, S. C.; Rev. J. M. Wainwright, and W. E. Curtis, Esq., New York; Rev. A. Land, D. D., Cincinnati, Ohio. feb14-3m*

1,000 AGENTS WANTED.
HEADLEY'S LIFE OF KOSSUTH.
JUST PUBLISHED,
THE LIFE OF LOUIS KOSSUTH,
GOVERNOR OF HUNGARY.
[illegible]

POST MASTERS AND THEIR ASSISTANTS ARE WANTED ... SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE, [illegible] JOHN SARTAIN & Co.

BORDENTOWN FEMALE INSTITUTE, BORDENTOWN, N. J.
REV. JOHN H. BRAKELEY, A. M., PRINCIPAL.
[illegible]



CHERRY PECTORAL
For the Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.
[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE,
[illegible]
PRESIDENT.
HON. J. R. BURDEN, M. D.
FACULTY.
[illegible]

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT
AMERICAN GIFT BOOKS,
FOR 1852!
[illegible]
EMPLOYMENT.
SEARS' AMERICAN PICTORIAL BOOK ESTABLISHMENT
[illegible]
JUST PUBLISHED,
PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF CHINA AND INDIA,
[illegible]
AND THRILLING INCIDENTS OF THE WARS OF THE UNITED STATES,
600 pp. Retail price $2,50 per Vol.
Our Publications are too numerous to be described in an advertisement.
☞ Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the Publisher $25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works, (at wholesale prices,) carefully boxed, insured, and directed, affording a very liberal per centage to the Agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable, and order accordingly.
☞ We solicit orders from the Trade, Teachers, and School Committees for Books, to whom we furnish our own publications, and those of all the publishers in the country, on the most liberal terms.
☞ COUNTRY MERCHANTS can procure subscribers to, and sell "Sears' Pictorial Works," make a handsome profit, and sustain no loss.
☞ Persons wishing to engage in their sale, will receive promptly, by mail, a Circular containing full particulars, with "Directions to Persons Disposed to Act as Agents," together with the terms on which they will be furnished, by addressing the subscriber, post-paid.
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
jan10-3m 181 William street, New York.

EAGLE PRINTING INK WORKS.
Office No. 31 South FOURTH Street, below Chesnut, Philada.
THE undersigned are extensively engaged in manufacturing PRINTING INKS of all kinds and colors of a superior quality, which they are selling at low prices. Black, Red, Blue and Green constantly on hand. Tints made to order. Printers' Varnish, Copperplate Printers' Oil constantly on hand and for sale.
THIS PAPER, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, IS PRINTED WITH THE INK MADE BY THEM.
dec27-3m ROMIG, LAY & CO.

MOORE, HENSZEY & Co.
HARDWARE JOBBERS,
NO. 130 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Are now receiving their Spring assortment of GOODS to which they invite the attention of Western and Southern purchasers, who, for CASH or CREDIT, can be supplied on the very best terms. dec6-6m

SPRING FASHIONS.
[illegible]

CAMBLOS & BROTHER,
EXCHANGE BANKERS,
No. 23 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT,
BETWEEN
PHILADELPHIA AND PITTSBURG.
TIME REDUCED TO 24 HOURS.
[illegible]

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
[illegible]

I. O. O. F.

MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA, FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

THE subscribers would call the attention of those wishing to purchase Regalia, to their assortment, (the largest in this city, if not in the United States,) which is well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. They would also call the attention of Country Merchants and the public generally to their large and well selected stock of READY MADE CLOTHING of every description, which they are prepared to sell on as favorable terms as can be had at any establishment in the Union. Call and see.
J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
MERCHANT TAILORS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN CLOTHING, MANUFACTURERS OF REGALIA, ROBES, COSTUMES, &c., &c.
jan24-1y No. 194 Market St. below Sixth, Phila.

WM. DAILY & SON,
[illegible]
nov 15-1y

WORLD'S FAIR.—The first and only PRIZE MEDAL for Harness at the World's Fair, in London, was awarded to LACEY & PHILLIPS, of this city, an honor they won over the competition of the whole world.
Messrs. L. & P. have now, and keep constantly on hand, at their establishment, 12 and 14 South Fifth Street, the largest stock of READY-MADE HARNESS, SADDLES, &c., of any house in the United States, at greatly reduced prices. They are now manufacturing their Harness and Saddles with such perfect system, that they are enabled to sell a superior article of everything in their line, at a less price than any other house in the country.
They never use but the very best quality of leather, and the best material of every description, and no pains or expense are spared to reach perfection in every article.
They invite purchasers to examine the stock and their establishment before making purchases. They invite attention to the following list of prices:

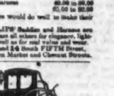
Horse Blankets, from	$1¼ to $4.50
Thick Horse Covers	$4.00 to 7.50
Good, Plain, Serviceable, Single Harness	13.00 to 25.00
Do. Fancy do. do. do.	28.50 to 35.00
Do. Plain Double Harness	40.00 to 50.00
Do. Fancy do.	65.00 to 82.00

☞ Harness Makers would do well to make their purchases of us.
LACEY & PHILLIPS' Saddles and Harness are acknowledged to surpass all others for elegance, lightness and comfort, as well as for real value and wear.
12 and 14 South FIFTH Street,
oct25-1y Between Market and Chesnut Streets.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of
WATCHES,

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carat, heavy and good, from $40 to	120
" " 18 carat cases, from	30 to 120
Silver "	15 to 30
Lepine	10 to 15

And others at lower rates than the above.
JEWELRY,
Gold Chains of every pattern and variety.
Medallions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article, suitable for Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast-Pins, of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear Rings do.
SILVER WARE.
This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for casting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can't get no better article, nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order.
Table, Dessert and Teaspoons, of all prices, according to weight.
Table, Dessert and Tea Forks.
Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c. Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.
PLATED WARE.
A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.
BRITTANIA WARE.
[illegible]



ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
S. E. CORNER OF SIXTH AND BROWN STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.
WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for Style, Durability and elegance of Finish cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged, and the best materials used.
Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having [illegible]
WM. D. ROGERS.

Selected Poetry.

HOW SHALL I WOO HER?

BY THE LATE WHITHROP M. PRAED.

How shall I woo her? I will stand
Beside her when she sings,
And watch her fire and fairy hand
Fly o'er the trembling strings;
And I will bid her—I have heard
Those words a thousand times—
Sing me a song of love, the bird
Shall listen and be mine.

How shall I woo her? I will say
The softness of all the tones,
And every lip-earth, and sea, and sky,
And every star that shines,
And I will tell her—when I hear
My theme in every breath—
I never can sing that dear song
Till she has learned its death.

How shall I woo her? I will give
Her all my soul can bring,
And every thought of love I have
Shall be a golden string;
And I will tell her—when I hear
My music in other hands,
I will not think of her, but fear
Lest her's perhaps may die.

How shall I woo her? I will ask
Her hand, and when she knows
Her answer, she will hear me ask
Where love they left to woo?

Selected Articles.

ABD-EL-KADER'S ACCOUNT OF THE ARAB HORSE.

"Glory to the one God, His reign alone is eternal."

Greeting to him who, in his excellent qualities, equals all the men of his time, who seeks only what is good, whose heart is pure, and whose speech is elaborate—to the wise, the intelligent Lord General Daumas—from your friend Sidi Hadj Abd-el-Kader, son of Mahhi-Eddin.

Behold the reply to your inquiries.

1. How many days can the Arab horse travel without repose or injury?

Know that a horse, sound in all his limbs, fed on barley, which his fully develops, can go for nine or ten days without the slightest harm to do. With reason the Arabs say:

"A bit of the roughest barley and straw."

But, without slanting the bones, you can make his travel without passenger every day; that is the distance, for example, which a good Arabian Aghedicur, on the Great Atlas. A horse making this journey every day, and fed on barley to the utmost of his appetite, can continue without rest for three or even four months on the road, without meeting with any hurt.

2. What distance can the horse traverse in a day?

I cannot tell you with precision; but the distance ought to approach fifty parasangs.—from Timmou to Sijilmasa, for example. We have seen a real minister of home do the journey in one day. Among the Arabs, the same thing is accomplished. But distance must be spared one day, and would not be able to flagit all on mount without a twenty-four hours' interval.

Most of our horses used to go from Oran to Kassera in one day; and for several days together they could repeat the journey. We have left Saida at night, o'clock in the morning (or dekka,) to complete the Arbaa, who were encamped at Ain Tenkrifa (among the Ouled Dial, near Tasa), and to reached there at break of day (*fedjer*). You know the country, and your can understand the distance we had to accomplish.

3. What examples are there of the abundant increase of the Arab horse, what power of power to bear hunger and thirst?

Know, that when we were ostabled at the mouth of the Kreider, on the route routes in the Djebel-Amour following the road of the Sahara, pressing our hearts to her gallop for five or six hours together in one breath on the days of ostabled, and unsaddling and our constant watch and lash in twenty or twenty-five days at the most. During this interval our horses had no barley to eat, except what they could carry along with their rides; that is, about eight or eleven sacks. Our horses found no straw, but only some *aile* or chaff, or in spring, a little grass.

Nevertheless, on our return home, we performed the games on horseback, the day of circumcised, and the feast of the birth of our horses. Many which could not exhibit this exercise were yet in a condition for the campaign. Our horses could be remade without fetching for one or two days. Once they had nothing to drink for three. The horses of the Arabs can do much more than this. They remain for about three months without eating a grain of barley; they know and know except the dates which they come to purchase grains in the Tell,—and they eat, for their part, only *aile, chih,* and occasionally *grass.*

The Arab says:

" Ala-outou tin kouse to outou—
Chafi outou ken light—
And grass' is better than barley."

Certain years pass without the horse of Sahara having a grain of barley to eat during the whole year, when the Indians have reserved in the Tell. Sometimes, then, they give dates to their horses; the nourishment fattens them; they are then scorched out, and so on experience.

4. Why, as the French do not ride their horses until after they have passed the age of four, do the Arabs mount theirs extremely young?

Know that the Arabs say that horses and men can be well taught at the tenderest age. This is their proverb on the subject:

"The lessons of infancy are graven on stone."

"The lessons of riper years disappear like the tents of birds."

They also say: "The young branch recovers its posture without much difficulty, but the thick wood never recovers from its wrong."

In the very first year, the Arabs begin to bestraw the young horses to go with reason, a sort of cavesson—they liars call him *gaida*, by giving to break and bridle him. As soon as he becomes *sensible* to them, when he enters his second year, they ride him in the fields. Gain him then a parasangi and when he had completed his eighteenth month, they are no longer afraid of fatiguing him.

When he has attained *intere retate*, that is when he enters his third year, they cease to ride him; they fasten him, cover him with a good *Arabic* (cloth,) and then—the Lord be blessed they say—! in the foot you the him for fear of accidents. In the third year, ride him till his back curves. In the third year, tie him again, and if he has not become what you wish well him.

If a horse be not ridden before his third year, it is certain that he will never be good for anything but speed, which he does not require to learn—it is his natural faculty. The Arabs express the idea thus—*Kirtassel style in domestic.*

" The *pascal rude* according to his blood."—The noble horse needs only to be shown what is wished.

You say to me that you are told that the horses of Algeria are not Arabian but Berberin that is, barbs?

This is an opinion which upends upon its holders. The Berbers are generally those who celebrated author has said,—" The Berbers inhabit Maghrebe; they are all sons of Kaisa Ben Gilsilan." This is a universal answer. Then they spring from the two great Himiarite tribes, the Senadeba and the Ketama, who entered with the invader Hitkem-el-Malik.

According to these facts, the Berbers are certainly Arabs, and therefore maintain the illusion of most of the Barbar tribes, and their descent from the Senadeba and the Ketama, by the meaning of these tribes will anterior to Islamism. Since the Mussulman invasion, the number of Arabian immigrants is inconsiderable.

It is very true that, if all the horses of Algeria are of Arabian blood, many of them are fallen from nobleness, because they are generally often employed in tillage, in carriage, in carrying, in dressing bonds, &c. because they have been subjected to the sec whereas, nothing of the sort was done among the Arabs of old. On this point they say that it is enough for the horse but to walk over tilled ground to make him lose sense of his worth.

The following story is told on the subject:

" A man was traveling, mounted on a blood horse. He is met by his enemy, he also being mounted on a noble courser. The one perceives the other, and he who gives chase is distanced by him who flies. Beginning to entertain him, the pursuer says,—' I tell thee, in the name of God, bite thy friend (*ouhidi*)! Be not a coward under his door days.' 'Friend!' cries he mounted rejoined; 'and by the head of the Prophet, I am certain he would not be my friend!'

Such is the opinion of the day, the fugitive knows it, and the pursuer is quite grateful. He continues to come up with, and to fight him when he has lost control of *amour propre*.

My father (may God have him in His keeping!) was used to say: "A horse that has been ridden over a tilled field will never recover his vigor." Those who are country shoes are have turned over new lands. God make the bones for the country and the road, the ox for the plough, and the camel for the loads! Those who do not understand the ways of God?"

Again:—

" Say the big bow—barley will make his entry."

Of forbidden meats," they say, "choose the lightest." That is to say, choose the light. Here-flesh is bloodiest to the Mussulman.

Among their further proverbs, are—

" A man should not ride a horse only by having his house broken repeatedly." "Thorough bred horses have no saddle-sores." "Horses are blind without wings." "There is nothing thinner in the horse." "Horses are like men, the beauty of the horse is in the mane, shall not prosper."

The holy Son-el-Abbes (may God be pleased with him!) has also said:—"Love the horse, and care for him, spare not your pains."

I have finished the letter of which our friend God companion, and the Son-in-Gomar will be the Health.

General Daumas, to whom the remarkable epistle, from which we have given the above extracts, was addressed, in reply to inquiries which it is possible, will be interested to learn that this letter was written by Abd-el-Kader, with his own hand, in the original Arabic character, and is certified by the Chief d'Escadron d'Abdallah, commandant, who has the three years' intimate with Abd-el-Kader, and who is perfectly familiar with regard to the Emir. It is in the Commandant Daumas' collection of the spoils of Abd-el-Kader's camp, and is now in the possession of this province documents.

(Signed) LE GENERAL E. DAUMAS.

BEAR WITH ONE ANOTHER.

Rev. Dr. Bourdman, in his admirable book, "the Bible in the Family," well remarks:

That house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no tolerance of each other's infirmities. Unless every body learns to forbear, as much toleration in injuries, as not answers in turn away wrath. It will be a single stitch of word not the other, and love and apply fox to it, it will go out; put on the stitch of forbearance, and it will hold a dozen, and you will have a great conformation. There are other fine subject to this same condition. If one will have his way, if he does not take a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed of his rage. But suppose temper to temper; pile on fuel as fast as you can, and you have a fire indeed, and let one hasty answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will coring those at a distance. Some think the venerable Philip Henry understood this well; and when his wife Matthe, the Commentator, was married, he sent these lines to the wedded pair:

" Love one another, pray sit together; and see
You never both together angry be;
Lest one by one another provoke the same,
In time provoked I no Father out or doubt."

So thought the excellent Bishop Gregory, of whom this remarkable story is related. The wife of this good man was afraid he would injure his health by close confinement. So, one day, like a kind-hearted wife, she went into her self into his library in his absence, and gathering up all the manuscript notes from which he was about to collecting for his dictionary, threw them into the fire. When he came home, she told him what she had done. Instead of the fit of anger which she expected, he calmly said, "I am sorry for it, my dear, for I have been all my life collecting those materials, and now I must begin again." Such a reply was enough to provoke a saint—neither angry nor resentful—and possibly he addressed some such reply to his wife. But upon temper to temper, pile on fuel as fast as you can, and you have a fire indeed, and let one hasty answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will coring those at a distance. Some think that the venerable Philip Henry understood this well; and when his wife Matthe, the Commentator, was married, he sent these lines to the wedded pair:

" Love one another, pray sit together; and see
You never both together angry be;
Lest one by one another provoke the same,
In time provoked I no Father out or doubt!"

Another of these fine subjects is the matter of the "Spirit-World," Jan. 16, is, at this present writing, (Jan. 22nd,) a prisoner in the dark, dungeon of the Jail.

Now, the important fact in regard to this letter are,

1. The sick with who dictates it from the "Spirit-World," Jan. 16, is, at this present writing, (Jan. 22nd,) a prisoner in the dark, dungeon of the Jail.

2. The letter goes on with 2, 3, 4, &c., but we think No. 1 sufficiently disposes of the case of "Spiritual Rappings," that the reader can easily draw the proper deductions. We do not select the above for publication as evidence of the truth of "Spiritual Rappings," but as a fact well authenticated, which is worth taking into account by those who are looking into the subject. And we will again request those who write us (pro or con) on this subject, to confine themselves to facts. Philosophies and theories will be to other after we shall have determined what are the facts. We are obliged to omit most of the articles sent us about "Rappings," &c., because of their defiance of this necessary rule. We are willing to receive communications on the locality. A correspondent of the Banff Journal says:

"Taking a walk on the hills, a day or two ago, I entered a small dwelling, where I had not been for a long time. The inmates were absent, and I was therefore left to myself. Having acknowledged the kindness of the Scottish people, I will only say that the experience of Victoria, but also her natural habitudes were discussed by said and female conversation with the two right down to the last syllable of time."

Young men, beware of the "bricks!" for sale. For whosoever sells a brick," often, even before he is dead.—*Carpet Bag.*

SPARKS FROM THE LANTERN.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.—Lola Montes, in a spirited letter of self defence, published in the Herald, says she is but a "*poor dancer.*" A highly flattering opinion of her own merits.

TO RESCRIPTION.—They say the New York Tribune is going to publish a work on Rum, and under the conduct of Mr. Rum, it is going into the "Grand State" very fast.

A MERRY MAN.—Mark Gee.—This wise old saw has been slightly reversed lately. Looking at the civic expenditures consequent upon the late fire, a long face is a merry face, and a merry face is a long face.

GOOD ADVICE RUNNED.—Since the fall of the Royal Family to Saimoul Scotland, Edinburgh has been the favorite resort of exiles to the small dwellings of the mechanicians of